D 570
.15
.C45

70
5
45

D 570
.15
.C45
Copy 1

WAR SAVINGS SECTION
WAR LOAN ORGANIZATION

WINNING THE WAR

A Thrift Play

By

WILLOWDEAN CHATTERTON

W. S. 214

14-26337

A limited number of additional copies of this play may be had by addressing the War Savings Section, War Loan Organization, Washington, D. C.

WASHINGTON
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE
1918

D. of D.
DEC 20 1918

T570
.15
.C45

WINNING THE WAR

By WILLOWDEAN CHATTERTON

Foreword

This play can be produced very simply, without programs, with few properties and little furniture. Screens may be used instead of a curtain.

The scene in the living room of the Bailey house requires a table, writing materials, and a chair at left; a bench or sofa at center; and, if possible, an easy chair and a small table at right.

The action taking place in the rest billet must follow that in the living room instantly, without a change of setting. This can be accomplished in several ways. If curtains are being used, they may be dropped; the three soldiers may enter immediately, carrying the small properties which they need, soap boxes to sit on, a board and paper for writing, and the scene may be played in front of the curtains. At the end of the scene, when they leave, they should carry their properties with them; the curtains should be opened instantly, revealing the living room as before with Mrs. Bailey still reading the letter. If screens are used as a background for the rest-billet scene, they should be quickly shoved in front of the living-room scene so that the action may be taken up immediately. If the settings are reduced to the minimum, as in a school with only a platform, signs may be hung up: "The Bailey's Living Room," for the first, second, third, and last parts; "A rest billet in France," for the fourth—following the custom of Shakespeare's Theater.

If a more elaborate setting is desired and lighting facilities are at hand, the rest-billet scene could be set at back of stage concealed by screens or a drop curtain until needed. At the proper time the screens or curtain could be removed, the front group remaining as they were, reading the letter but sunk into darkness by the concentration of lights on the back scene. At the end of the rest-billet scene, curtain or screens could be replaced and the lighting resumed as at first. In this case, the rest-billet scene could be more elaborately set with a cot or bench, a soap box with a tin washbasin and a pitcher, and a candle or lantern.

Costumes should be kept simple; a Boy Scout suit for Danny, any kind of a soldier suit for Charlie, a shabby suit for John, and a plain dress for Mrs. Bailey. Shabby, khaki-colored clothes and hats will do for the soldiers' uniforms. Bob must have a very worn sweater under his coat; Tom must have a good one to take off.

89306°—18

CHARACTERS.

Jane Bailey.	Mrs. Bailey.
John Bailey.	Bob Bailey.
Charlie Powers.	Tom Powers.
Danny Bailey.	George Wilson.
Marjorie Barton.	Dorothy Reed.
Helen Knowles.	Mary Langley.

Scene: THE BAILEY'S LIVING ROOM.

I.

[*Jane is knitting a sweater when Charlie comes in.*]

Charlie. Hello, Jane.

Jane [*counting her stitches*]. Hello, Charlie. One, two, three——

Charlie. Where are the kids?

Jane. Four, five, six—Danny's selling War Savings Stamps and—seven, eight, nine——

Charlie. Can't you stop that long enough to answer me?

Jane. Ten, eleven, twelve—what did you say, Charlie?

Charlie. Good night. I'll get the police to look for John.

Jane. John's shoveling coal next door. Thirteen, fourteen——

Charlie. Shoveling coal; what for?

Jane. Fifteen, sixteen—don't talk, Charlie. Seventeen, eighteen—to earn money; what do you suppose? Eighteen, nineteen——

Charlie. My mother says some people are going crazy about saving.

Jane. Don't scuff your shoes, Charlie. Twenty, twenty-one——

Charlie. Whose shoes are they? I've got a new pair, anyway.

Jane. A new pair! Why, those haven't even been half-soled!

Charlie. Mother says it spoils the shape of shoes to be half-soled. Anyway, I don't care how many pairs of shoes I wear out. My father has lots of money.

Jane. What an awful thing to say, Charlie Powers! Just suppose some soldier is going without shoes because you have so many pairs.

Charlie. Huh! Soldiers don't have to buy shoes. The Government gives them beauties.

Jane. They can't if you use all the leather.

Charlie. I wish I could use it all. Then Brother Tom would have to come home and wouldn't get shot.

JANE. Why, Charlie, you wouldn't want him to come home before he wins the war!

CHARLIE. Oh, we'll win, all right. Don't you want your brother to come home?

JANE. Thirty, thirty-one, thirty-two—goodness! What are you doing?

[*Charlie is using up a tablet of paper which he has found on the table.*]

CHARLIE. Drawing.

[*Jane snatches the tablet.*]

JANE. On perfectly good paper! What will mother say?

CHARLIE. She's not my mother. Won't she even let you use paper?

JANE. We use paper when we have to, but we don't waste it; and you needn't think you can when you're in our house.

CHARLIE. Take your old paper. I guess I can draw in this book.

JANE. Don't you touch that book. I have to keep that clean for John when he's in the fifth grade.

CHARLIE. Do you use secondhand books? I always have new ones—sometimes three times a year.

JANE. How wicked! Mother says if anything is good enough to own, it's good enough to take care of.

CHARLIE. I wouldn't have such a mean mother.

JANE. She's not.

CHARLIE. She won't even let you draw.

JANE. We have to save paper.

CHARLIE. Why? They don't need paper in the Army.

JANE. We ought to save everything.

CHARLIE. Huh. She tells you that because she doesn't want you to have any fun.

JANE. Please don't talk. You made me drop a stitch.

CHARLIE. You don't have any fun any more. You just sit around and knit.

JANE. Yes; I do.

CHARLIE. You don't call it fun to knit! Wouldn't you rather play?

JANE. I'd rather work for the soldiers.

CHARLIE. I bet they wouldn't wear an ugly old thing like that. My mother knits me pretty ones—red and green and blue. I bet I have more sweaters than you. I've got four.

JANE. My mother thinks one at a time is enough.

CHARLIE. It's no fun coming over here if you're not going to play. I'm going to get John.

JANE. John's busy.

CHARLIE. Gee whiz!

[*John enters.*]

JOHN. That was some job!

CHARLIE. Hello, old coal man! I've come to see you.

JOHN. Who asked you? Where's my bank, Jane?

JANE. You put it behind the clock.

JOHN. Here's the baby! [*He shakes the bank.*] Two more Thrift Stamps for me!

CHARLIE. Let me see! Can you break it open? Let's get some candy.

JANE. Candy!

JOHN. Candy!

CHARLIE. I said candy—c-a-n-d-y.

JANE. When there's a war going on?

JOHN. When the fellows over there need sugar? No, siree!

CHARLIE. You make me tired. Your mother just tells you that to keep you from having any fun.

JOHN. When I have enough for a War Savings Stamp day after to-morrow, you'll wish you'd saved, too.

CHARLIE. Shucks! I have five of them.

JOHN. I bet you didn't earn them.

CHARLIE. I bet I did. [*John takes off his overcoat, showing a shabby suit. Charlie proudly wears a spick and span one, cut like his brother Tom's, who is in the Army.*] Oh, Oh! What a funny suit!

JOHN. It's not.

JANE. Don't you care, John. It's not funny.

CHARLIE. It is. The coat doesn't match. And look at those funny pants.

JANE. Charlie Powers, you'd be glad if Bob was your brother, so's you could wear his suit cut down.

CHARLIE. I wouldn't wear anything anybody else had worn. Only ragamuffins do that.

JOHN. Think you're smart in that uniform, don't you?

CHARLIE. My mother says it's the most becoming thing I ever had.

JOHN. My mother says it's Thrift to wear out our old clothes.

CHARLIE. What the matter with your eyes?

JOHN. Nothing.

CHARLIE. What are you crying for? Cry baby! Cry baby!

JOHN. Get out of this house before I throw you out. [*Moves toward Charlie threateningly.*]

JANE. Don't waste your energy getting mad, John. Remember what mother says.

JOHN. All right. Where's that coal shovel I have to mend? [*He gets the shovel and begins to wire the split handle.*]

CHARLIE. Oh, oh!

[*His mirth is about to be curbed by John, who is no longer able to restrain himself, when the door opens and Danny enters in a Boy Scout uniform.*]

DANNY. Hello, kid. [*To John.*] Hi, Captain. [*They salute.*]

CHARLIE. Captain!

JANE. Well, he is. He has gotten 50 associate members pledged to buy War Savings Stamps.

[*Danny, medal on coat, stands with downcast eyes.*]

JOHN. [*Pointing at the medal.*] Gee, Danny! Your're an Ace Scout!

JANE. I call that good work!

CHARLIE. What's that?

JANE. He's sold two hundred and fifty dollars' worth! Oh, Danny, I could hug you.

DANNY. [*Avoiding her.*] No; you couldn't!

[*Danny takes off his coat, brushes it, and hangs it up on a hanger.*]

CHARLIE. Are you going to bed?

DANNY. What are you driving at?

CHARLIE. You're taking off your clothes.

DANNY. You don't think I'd wear my uniform to work in, do you?

CHARLIE. Work! Aren't you going to play with me?

DANNY. Look here, Charlie, I belong to the Home Army and I've got to help win this war.

CHARLIE. Oh, come on fellows. I have a quarter. Let's go down town and spend it.

JOHN. Spend a quarter!

JANE. A whole quarter!

DANNY. Twenty-five cents! Say, Charlie, if you don't want to save to win this war, you ought at least to put that quarter where it will work for you, instead of spending it.

CHARLIE. How can a quarter work?

DANNY. You need educating. Buy Thrift Stamps with your quarters and then a War Savings Stamp and in five years Uncle Sam will give you back $5 for a stamp that only cost you a little over $4. Don't those quarters work? You bet they do. What I save that way now will help me get through college.

CHARLIE. I don't care. My father will send me to college.

DANNY. Gee! Are you going to let him save money for you when you're a man? *Excuse me!* That's not the way I do business. Where's my old suit, Jane?

JANE. I put it out on your bed for you.

DANNY [*goes out singing*]. Gee whiz! I'm glad I'm free; no party clothes for me!

CHARLIE. Don't be a stick-in-the-mud, too, John. Let's have some fun down town.

JOHN. Put up a quarter and I'll give you a Thrift Stamp.

CHARLIE. Aren't you coming out?

JOHN [*continues mending shovel handle*]. Can't you see I'm busy?

CHARLIE. You're the only one left, Jane.

JANE. I'll go for a walk or a skate—anything that won't cost money.

CHARLIE. Won't your mother let you?

JOHN. Mother's all right. You've got to stop picking on her.

CHARLIE. I'd rather be an orphan than have such a mean mother. She doesn't want you to have any fun at all.

[*Danny appears in the door in his old suit and hears this last.*]

DANNY. What are you saying about my mother? We've had enough of you, Charlie Powers.

CHARLIE. Now, you stop, Danny.

DANNY. Take it back.

CHARLIE. You are afraid to spend a cent on anything.

JOHN. Afraid? Huh!

DANNY. Say that again!

JANE. Now you've made me drop a stitch!

CHARLIE. Your mother's got you scared out of your life. My mother couldn't take me in that way—make me stay in all the time and not eat candy or bread and sugar or anything. What's that to do with the war?

DANNY. Well, it has.

CHARLIE. What?

JANE. Thrift.

CHARLIE. What's Thrift?

DANNY. Saving things.

CHARLIE. Did you ever see anybody win a fight by saving things? You've got to fight; that's all. What's thrift got to do with it? [*There is an uneasy silence.*] You don't know.

JANE. Well, it must have something to do with it. I don't care what it is. We ought to do it.

CHARLIE. Your mother just makes you think you ought.

DANNY. I could go out if I wanted to.

CHARLIE. I dare you. Double dare. Ha! I knew you wouldn't have the nerve. You're going to stick around to put coal in the furnace.

DANNY. I won't if I don't want to.

CHARLIE. You don't even get paid to do it.

DANNY. Of course I don't. Isn't it *our* furnace?.

CHARLIE. I get paid for everything I do—25 cents an hour for practicing on the piano, and 25 cents for shining my shoes, and 25 cents for dressing myself and washing my hands.

JANE. We don't have to be paid to do what is right.

CHARLIE. That's how easy you are. Shucks! I could buy a War Savings Stamp every day if I wanted to.

DANNY. All right; I'll sell you one every day.

CHARLIE. Think you're smart, don't you? I've got five. That's all I want. I didn't have to shovel coal or stay away from all the fun down town to buy them, either. I'm not that easy.

JOHN [*unable to stand it longer*]. Shoot this old thing!

CHARLIE. I dare you to come down town.

DANNY. You think I'm afraid?

CHARLIE. I see you shaking.

DANNY. All right. I'll show you.

[*He takes off his old coat and gets his uniform.*]

JANE. Danny, where are you going?

DANNY. Out.

JOHN [*flinging down his shovel*]. So am I.

JANE. Boys! There's so much to be done. And the furnace has to be attended to right so it won't waste coal.

DANNY. Maybe the soldiers don't know I save a shovelful of coal a day.

JANE. Bob knows.

CHARLIE. What's it to him? They haven't coal grates in the trenches.

JOHN. That's what I say. I don't believe this old Thrift has anything to do with the war.

JANE. Mother says——

CHARLIE. It's just to keep you from having any fun.

JOHN. Look at this crazy old suit I have to wear.

DANNY. Wait till I change my clothes.

CHARLIE. Can't you shake a quarter out of your bank?

JOHN. It's just a box. I can open it.

JANE. Well, I'm not going to be left here alone. I don't care if I ever finish this old sweater.

II.

[*She flings it down, John gets his bank, and Danny starts out with his uniform as Mrs. Bailey enters.*]

MRS. BAILEY. How are my little Thrift workers getting along?

DANNY. That's such a silly name to call us, mother.

MRS. BAILEY. I thought you loved to be called War Savings soldiers in the Stay-at-home Army. Can mother help you, Jane?

JANE. I don't see the use of knitting any more.

JOHN. Come on, kids.

MRS. BAILEY. Where are you going, boys?

DANNY. Out.

Mrs. Bailey. I was hoping you'd help me write a letter to Bob. Don't you think it would be nice to tell him how we're helping him win the war?

Danny [*doubtfully*]. How do we know he cares, mother?

John. Fighting hasn't anything to do with saving.

Jane. Nor knitting.

Mrs. Bailey. Oh! Do you think we've been mistaken in trying to help Bob and Charlie's brother, Tom, and all the other brothers this way?

Danny. Now, honest, mother, what's all this war saving got to do with the men in the trenches? We're willing to help, but there's no fun saving for nothing.

Mrs. Bailey. Suppose we write Bob and Tom and ask them how they feel about it. That would be sensible, wouldn't it? [*There is a pause.*]

Danny. All right.

John. Will it take long?

Mrs. Bailey. Not very. [*She gets writing materials.*] I'll write and each one can tell me just what he's been doing to save and then we'll ask Bob and Tom if they want us to go on doing it. Shall we?

Jane. I'd rather do what Bob wants.

Mrs. Bailey. Are you willing to leave it to your brother, Charlie?

Charlie. He'd be ashamed to fight with coal and candy and sweaters; my brother's a man.

Mrs. Bailey. We'll ask him. [*She writes.*]

Dear Bob and Tom: Jane and Charlie and John and Danny and I want to know if we're helping you win the war when we save at home.

Is that all right?

Danny. Tell him I've sent in 30 red post cards for $250 worth of War Savings Stamps, and I've saved a shovelful of coal every day for a month by putting only a thin layer of coal in the furnace and tending it oftener. Got that down?

Mrs. Bailey. [*Writing.*] Yes. And then we'll ask them if it helps them when the coal we save is used in factories to make guns and ammunition and equipment for them, and when the money we save from coal goes into War Savings Stamps.

John. What's the use of War Savings Stamps? Ask them that.

Mrs. Bailey. [*Writing.*]

John wants to know if the money the Government gets for War Savings Stamps does you any good when it is spent for food and clothes for you.

Charlie. Ask them if they can beat the Germans with candy.

Mrs. Bailey. [*Writing.*]

And Charlie wants to know if you really feel rested and get warmth from eating sugar.

Jane, what do you want to ask?

JANE. I think I'd like to know if it really makes any difference if we don't draw on paper.

Mrs. BAILEY:

Jane asks if not scribbling on paper saves making more paper out of trees that ought to be cut down for building ships to carry things to you and aeroplanes to watch over you.

JOHN. Well, I don't think I ought to have to look like a ragamuffin.

Mrs. BAILEY. [*Writing.*]

John thinks he looks like a ragamuffin in your blue suit that Jane and I cut down for him. You remember you used to like the suit, and it makes me happy to see it walking around the house, but we wonder if it makes you happy to know that John didn't take any men from war work to make him a new suit. He didn't use up any cloth, either, because he wanted you to have it all for uniforms. Do you want it? Or would you rather have John get a new suit?

JOHN. Oh, now, mother, when you put it that way, you make me feel awfully mean.

Mrs. BAILEY. Isn't that what you wanted to ask?

CHARLIE. Go on; send the letter.

Mrs. BAILEY. [*Writing.*]

Please let us know right away if we are working hard for nothing, and if you'd rather do all the work for us in the trenches and not have us help with war saving.

Now, we'll all sign our names, with love, and say we'd rather do the things that will make it easier for them to win the war, and please tell us what they are. Danny, you're oldest; you sign first.

III.

[*As Danny is about to sign, the doorbell rings and Jane answers it. Dorothy Reed, Helen Knowles, Marjorie Barton, and Mary Langley enter. All rush to meet them.*]

JANE. We were just finishing a letter to send to the boys in France.

MARJORIE. How fine! I know a letter from home sounds good.

HELEN. Tell them that we are all trying to be good home soldiers, won't you?

JANE. What shall we tell them for you, Dorothy?

DOROTHY. Say that we are going to keep the home fires burning till they all come home.

ALL. [Sing:]

Keep the home fires burning
While your hearts are turning
To the boys who fight in France
For you and me.
Keep the home folks working
To show that they're not shirking,
Stand behind the second line
Till the boys come home.

HELEN. I wonder if Bob and Tom and George know we're thinking of them?

MARJORIE. Of course they do. I'm sending them a thought message that will reach them somewhere in France.

MARY. Do you think it will reach them in No Man's Land?

DOROTHY. It may, but you know it's a long, winding trail.

ALL. [Sing:]

There's a long, long trail awinding
Into No Man's Land in France,
Where the shrapnel shells are bursting,
But we will advance.
There'll be lots of drills and hiking
Before our dreams all come true,
But we're going to show the Kaiser
What the Yankee boys can do.

[*The doorbell rings, and John answers it, to receive a letter from the postman.*]

JOHN. Oh! mother, look, look! It's a letter from France!

MRS. BAILEY. From Bob! Oh, my children! It's from Bob!

DANNY. Open it, quick.

MRS. BAILEY [reading]:

DEAREST HOME PEOPLE: I am too tired to write a decent letter, but want to let you know we have just come out safely from our first shift in the trenches. We took back a few rods for dear old France, so it doesn't matter much that we lost all our equipment.

If you could look into this rest billet I'm afraid you wouldn't recognize your son. You can't imagine what five days under fire, in mud and rain, can do to the looks of a fellow. George Wilson and Tom Powers are over in the corner getting introduced to themselves. They're calling me to inclose some messages in this, so I'll finish over there.

IV.

[*The curtains are drawn together as she reads and the rest-billet scene is given as directed in the foreword—Bob Bailey, Tom Powers, and George Wilson acting the scene described in the letter.*

Tom enters, muddy, dilapidated, minus one shoe. He calls back over his shoulder.]

TOM. Come over to the light, fellows, and let's have a look at ourselves.

[*George enters, automatically plowing his way as if in mud waist high. He is caked with mud.*]

GEORGE [counting his steps]. 97, 98, 99, 100——

TOM. What are you doing, George—knitting?

GEORGE. I've forgotten how many hundred that is. There are 2,500 steps in the communication trench.

TOM [shaking him]. Wake up, old man. This is the rest billet.

GEORGE [*looking dazedly about*]. That's funny. I thought I was still dragging through the mud.

TOM. You're dragging it around with you. Your uniform will never see daylight again, Georgie.

GEORGE. If I were running this war, I'd line the trenches with cement. Where's a pillow—or a brick?

TOM [*getting a soap box off stage*]. Try a compromise.

GEORGE. Wake me up when peace is signed.

[*He drops down heavily, using the box for a pillow. Tom tries to make him sit up.*]

TOM. Don't let go. They may send us right back to relieve the 148th.

GEORGE. I can relieve them in my sleep.

BOB [*off stage*]. Want to send a message home?

TOM. Tell them the battle was a draw. I lost a shoe and brought back its weight in mud.

[*Bob is heard coughing off stage. Tom listens; takes off his coat and sweater, rolls up the sweater and hides it behind the box, replaces his coat, and calls off.*]

TOM. Come over here where I don't have to yell my dictation.

[*Bob enters, carrying writing materials. His uniform is torn and tattered.*]

BOB. I'm glad mother can't see me writing this letter.

TOM. I wish she could have seen you going through the barbed wire. We're all proud of your rags.

GEORGE. You bet. Good stuff—rescuing our old Searge.

BOB. Hello! Are you awake enough to add a line to the Stay-at-home Army?

GEORGE. Tell them they've got to fight harder with knitting needles. I'm short on socks from the bottom up.

BOB [*writing*]. Fine news for Jane. She's a regular sock factory.

TOM. Tell my mother to cut out the rainbow sweaters and get down to khaki color.

BOB. I'll put it diplomatically.

TOM [*self-consciously*]. Anything left of your sweater?

BOB. I should say so. A large hole all bound round with a woolen string.

[*He coughs as he opens his ragged coat to show only the neck band left.*]

TOM. Why don't you cop that Red Cross sweater?

BOB [*eagerly*]. Which?

TOM. Didn't you see it kicking around here? Chap said to give it to the fellow that needed it most.

[*He pretends to look for sweater and hands it to Bob.*]

BOB. God bless the knitting brigade! [*He gets into the sweater hurriedly.*] Gee, I didn't think I'd ever be warm again.

Tom. Now, get rid of that cough.

Bob. Why, this sweater has been worn!

Tom. You're getting mighty particular.

Bob. Poor chap! He must have gotten a shell here. [*He looks up suddenly at Tom.*] Why it's scorched where you got that——

[*He walks over to Tom and rips open his coat, discovers that Tom has no sweater.*]

Tom. Stop getting familiar!

Bob. You old nut! You can't put anything over on me like that! [*Gives back Tom's sweater.*]

Tom. Don't be a goat, Bob. We're here to win this war, aren't we?

George. I'm here to sleep if you'll give me a chance.

Tom. And the only way to win it is to work *together*. We three ought to put everything we have left in the dump and divy up sensibly.

Bob. But I haven't anything to offer—except a couple of cakes of sweet chocolate.

Tom. *Except!* When I've been three days without sleep and have to march five miles to lie down, a cake of chocolate looks better than a dozen sweaters.

George. You can't get any pep out of one cake. You know what I'd do if I were Hoover? I'd put every kid in jail that ate candy.

Bob. The children in America have already given it up.

Tom. Good for them! Nothing else for the dump, Bob? Gun?

Bob. Had to leave that in the German trench. Guess we won't go after it.

Tom. And I broke my bayonet when we went over the top. Helmet?

Bob. It saved my life, but lost its own.

Tom. Mine's underneath the sand bags that caved in. Gas mask? [*Bob shakes his head. So does Tom.*] Pretty well stripped for action, aren't we? How about you George?

George [*growling sleepily*]. I'm not outfitting this army. What's the quartermaster's dump for?

Tom. I forgot them! Do you suppose they give us a new outfit every time we come back from the trenches?

Bob. Good gracious, you can't expect the Government to outfit us every other week!

George. You could if—Oh, quit waking me up!

Bob. You make me tired. I'd like to see you try to clothe two million men 3,000 miles from home! There were 500,000 men in this last battle. Suppose all of them descended upon the quartermaster!

GEORGE. I hope they do. Then we'll see whether your wonderful Stay-at-home Army has delivered the goods.

TOM. There ought to be plenty for us if all you say is true about the way they've gone in for Thrift.

BOB [*hotly*]. Of course it's true. Even the children are working for us, knitting and saving money and coal and wearing their old clothes and—you know, they've given up white bread and beef, and you eat it every day. Yes, you! Thousands of tons of supplies our Government sends to the front every day. But they can't do everything at once, can they? It costs more than seven and a half million dollars to equip one division on infantry with quartermaster and ordnance supplies. Where does the money come from? Don't you forget it's the Stay-at-home Army that is buying Thrift Stamps and Liberty Bonds to pay for all this. They'll do it, but they can't make time, and it takes three months to make 90 per cent of these supplies.

TOM. I'm converted, Preacher Bob! [*He throws up his hands.*]

BOB. I know what a big job the American people are handling and I'm not going to howl for new clothes every other week. That's all.

GEORGE. If I was in command of this army, I'd surrender before I'd send fellows back to the trenches in this condition.

[*A bugle call outside startles them.*]

TOM. Fall in!

BOB. We're going back to have another try at them!

GEORGE. This is where I get the rest of the dozen boches I promised my Dad! [*He jumps up, wide-awake, pulls off his shoes and flings them to Tom.*]

GEORGE [*continues*]. They're your size. We'll take turns. Hurry, fellows! You'll find my gun on the bunk, Bob. Don't forget that chocolate! Hooray! We're going back!

[*He rushes out excitedly. The others look helplessly at their empty hands and worn clothes. Then Bob's resolution dawns.*]

BOB. All we need to lick them is Old Glory!

TOM. And each other.

[*They clasp hands. George returns disgustedly.*]

GEORGE. Shucks!

BOB. What's up? Are we retreating or charging?

GEORGE. Resting! Resting! Order to fall in and advance on the quartermaster for supplies. Then six days of rest. Doesn't that make you sick?

BOB. Is everybody ordered to the quartermaster?

GEORGE. There's enough for our Army and all the allies. From the looks of things, nobody in America is wearing anything—clean underwear without cooties—I saw it myself—miles of new uniforms

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 018 465 806 9

and new trench boots lined with wool, and a Browning gun that will knock the "I" out of Kaiser!

[*They slap each other joyously on the backs.*]

TOM. Oh, you Stay-at-home Army!

GEORGE. They're sure worth fighting for.

BOB. Didn't I tell you that the folks at home would always carry on?

TOM. Fall in!

[*They grab the box, shoes, and writing materials, form a line, mark time, and march off whistling "The Star-Spangled Banner." The curtains are pulled immediately to reveal the living-room scene as before, with Mrs. Bailey finishing the letter.*]

MRS. BAILEY [*reading*]:

We're all dressed up now and look as fit as the day we marched down Fifth Avenue. But we know a lot more than we did then. We know that the Stay-at-home Army are as fine fighters as we are, and we can't win the war without you. So speed up and let's all work together to finish this job.

Love, from

BOB.

JANE. I guess I'll go on with my knitting.

JOHN. Gee, I wish I could earn another quarter for a Thrift Stamp this afternoon. It might buy a new bayonet. Mother, do you think I could clean off the snow for Mrs. Perkins?

DANNY. I bet I'll save two shovels full of coal to-morrow.

MRS. BAILEY. Shall we finish our letter to Bob and send it?

JOHN. Send that old thing! Not on your life!

JANE. Oh, mother, it might make Bob and Tom think we didn't want to fight with them!

DANNY. Tear up the silly thing! Get to work, you other Thrifties. I'm going to stoke the furnace.

CHARLIE. Mrs. Bailey, could Danny teach me how to stoke the furnace?

MRS. BAILEY [*smiling, sits by the table*]. Yes, dear; but before you children go I want to read a little stanza to you that I found recently, for I know that if we all learn it and believe in it my Stay-at-home Army will never again feel discouraged, as they did to-day. Now, listen while I read, and the first one who learns it will get a quarter for another Thrift Stamp. [*She reads the following lines by Kipling:*]

It ain't the guns nor armament, nor fund that they can pay,
But the close cooperation that makes 'em win the day.
It ain't the individual nor the army as a whole,
But the everlastin' teamwork of every bloomin' soul.

[*Curtain.*]

END.

.15
.C45

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 018 465 806 9

Hollinger Corp.
pH 8.5